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## THE TRANSCRIPT.

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WILBUR P. DAVIS, Editor and Proprietor.

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### The Wedding.

The two have made a tie,
Which time nor man should sever,
Which God hath willed should last
Forever and forever.

Two souls unite for one
To sail the endless river;
Their lonely life is gone
Forever and forever.

The self which was, is lost;
That self, will know it never:
Another soul is thine
Forever and forever.

### Knowledge.

To know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime Wisdom; what is more is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that most concern
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.

### History of St. Albans.

By an old Resident.

PART X.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

*The first Congregational Church* was organized January 24, 1803, under the direction of Rev. Joel Foster, and consisted of nine members. These persons were Samuel Smith, Patience Church, Paul Brigham, Fanny Brigham, Antipas Brigham, John Hastings, Samuel Sumner, Lucy Farrar, and Noah Ripley. More than two years elapsed after the organization of the church, before they succeeded in obtaining a pastor. Jonathan Nye, then a young man, a graduate of Rhode Island College, in Providence, accepted a call from the Church, to be its first pastor. He was ordained March 5 1805, not without some opposition, however, on account of certain views entertained by him, not thought to be consistent with the doctrines held by the Calvinistic Congregationalists of New England. The Rev. Dr. Sanders, President of the Vermont University, one of the council, favored the ordination, and Rev. Mr. Booge, of Georgia, opposed it, but at length yielded his assent. Mr. Nye gave great satisfaction to the church, and to the community at large. He was, in fact, a young man of superior talents, and an eloquent preacher. He was but twenty-two years of age, and it was thought that as he grew older, and had frequent intercourse with his elders in the ministry, he would change his doctrinal views. He was probably, what, at that time, was called a Socinian. There is no reason to believe that he ever uttered his opinion on doctrinal subjects while he remained in St. Albans; and for this reason, after a while, he was not popular with the church, though he was much admired by the people at large. The church continued to respect him as a man, but considered him unsound in the faith. The church, it appears, took no measures to bring about a separation, and Mr. Nye, in consideration of the dissatisfaction in the church, in 1809, asked for a dismission. A council was called, but never assembled; and he was never regularly dismissed. He took leave of his people, in a farewell sermon, which was far from giving satisfaction to the church. It was thought he was rather severe in the application of his remarks to some of the members. One of them, Mr. Howe, was asked how he liked the sermon? He replied that he liked it very well, and the last of it, the word *farewell*, was the best of all. One may judge somewhat of the character of the sermon from the opinion expressed by one who was not a member of the church. He had been to hear it, and on his return home, he stopped at a neighbors house. Being inquired of how he liked the sermon, he replied that it was the strangest sermon he had ever heard; he did not believe another such a sermon could be found in the bible; he talked about people putting their property out of their hands to cheat their creditors, of gambling, drinking, horse-racing, and *all to what purpose*? He was asked if it did not make him think of a certain transaction in which he seemed disposed to avoid the claims of his creditors, by a particular disposition of his property? His reply was, "*I swear it did!*" Some anecdotes were circulated about Mr. Nye, which serve, in some measure, to illustrate his character. On one occasion he was waited upon by the managers of a ball, with a ticket of invitation.—He told them he would attend if they would allow him to open the ball.—They assured him that nothing would better please the company. He told them he thought otherwise, for his way would be to open the ball with prayer. As he was a young man, he was fond of the society of young persons; and they also were pleased with his society. He often attended their evening parties, and appeared to take pleasure in sitting by when they were amusing themselves with cards. On one occasion he carried a letter from a man in St. Albans, to one in Sheldon containing a challenge to a duel. It is not certain that he knew the contents of the letter, though it was supposed he did. These circumstances, in addition to his supposed heterodoxy, created the dissatisfaction which arose in the church. While he resided in St. Albans he married the daughter of Mr. Anthony Rhodes, then a merchant of the village. After he resigned his pastoral charge, he resided here for some considerable time, and the latter part of the year 1810 he preached a funeral sermon at the funeral of William Nason, who was buried with Masonic honors. After he left St. Albans he preached in Newfane a few years, and then at Claremont, New Hampshire. He subsequently removed to the West, where he died several years ago.

The congregation next employed the Rev. Daniel Haskell to preach a few subbaths, and afterwards invited him to become their pastor. But Mr. Haskell finally accepted a similar invitation to become the pastor of the 2d Congregational church in Burlington. Rev. Allen Hazen was then engaged to preach six months. Under his superintendance, the church prospered, and quite a number of new members were added. The church would have given him a call, but the society wished for a more eloquent and attractive preacher, and he was not called.

In December, 1810, William Dunlap, of New Jersey, was invited to become their pastor. He had preached here several times, and gave general satisfaction. He desired time to lay the invitation before the Presbytery; and in April following he informed the church that the call was declined. In November, 1811, Rev. Willard Preston, of Northbridge, Worcester County, Massachusetts, was engaged to preach six Sabbaths. He gave universal satisfaction; and at the end of the term he was invited by the church and society to become their pastor.—He accepted their invitation and was ordained January 8, 1812. In the course of two or three years his health began to fail, and in June, 1815, he requested a dismission. A council being called on the occasion he was accordingly dismissed. Mr. Preston gave general satisfaction while he was pastor of the church in St. Albans.—All were his friends. He had no enemies. After he left St. Albans, he preached two or three years in Providence, to a Congregational society there. The Congregational church in Burlington being without a pastor, in consequence of Mr. Haskell having been appointed President of the College there, they invited him to become their minister. He accepted the call, and preached there two or three years. He was afterwards appointed President of the College, which office his increasing ill health induced him to resign. He then removed South, and preached in Philadelphia a year or two, and finally removed with his family to Savanah, Georgia, in which place he was the pastor of a large Independent church and society. He remained there till his death in 1857.

After remaining nearly a year and a half without a minister, the Rev. Henry P. Strong, a native of Connecticut, was invited to become their pastor. He was installed January 22d, 1817. He had had considerable experience in the ministry, and was noted for his strong and well-established principles with regard to what was considered the Calvinistic doctrines.—He had no hesitation in declaring them boldly from the pulpit. His talents were undoubted, and his acquirements in theological science were considered to lie considerably above that of ordinary divines in this part of the country. He was thought to be somewhat arbitrary in Church government, inclining rather to the Presbyterian mode than to New England Congregationalism. This occasioned dissatisfaction in the church, the members of which had been accustomed, and were indeed partial, to the Congregational mode of worship, wherein more freedom was allowed to the individual members than was consistent with Mr. Strong's views. He thought it expedient, in view of an increasing family, to devote considerable attention to agriculture, often laboring with his own hands in the field, like any common farmer. This was not relished by some of the members of his church. They thought he ought to devote all his time and attention to spiritual affairs, and that his salary of $800 was sufficient to enable him to do so. When he was settled as a pastor over the church, he required a bond, signed by a number of the most responsible members of the society, to guarantee the prompt payment of his salary. In the course of three or four years the number of responsible obligors in the bond had become considerably reduced by death and removal, which very much increased the accountability of those who remained. Mr. Strong declined to give up the bond, and accept as his security the voluntary and promiscuous subscriptions of the members of the society.—This circumstance, together with other matters which have been mentioned, created a desire in the church for his dismission. After considerable negotiation he consented to give up the bond, and requested a dismission, provided all arrearages were paid.—The proposition was accepted by the church, and a council was called by which he was dismissed October 23d, 1821, with the high commendations of the council. In their remarks on the occasion, the council were severe on certain members of the church, who had been instrumental in causing the difficulty between their pastor and the church. Mr. Strong was soon after invited to become the pastor of a church and congregation in the town of Phelps, in the State of New York, to which place he removed with his family. His death took place in that town several years ago.

The next settled minister over the First Congregational church was the Rev. Worthington Smith. He was ordained June 4th, 1823, and on his acceptance of the appointment of the Presidency of the College at Burlington, he was dismissed December 11, 1849, after a pastoral service of more than twenty-six years, a much longer time than is usual for such a connection to continue between a minister and his church and society. Dr. Smith, on account of increasing ill health, resigned his office of President of the College in August, 1855. He then returned to his family in St. Albans where he died February 13, 1856. Few clergymen have sustained, in all respects, a better or more honorable reputation than the Rev. Dr. Smith in the different situations in which he was called to act. His death,—probably hastened by a too close application to the laborious duties of his office,—was deeply regretted by all who knew him. His character needs not our commendation, and we forbear to say any more on the subject, as his biography has been written by Prof. Torrey, of Burlington, and published with a selection of his sermons; to which the reader is referred for a more particular account of the life and services of the Rev. Dr. Worthington Smith.

The next minister of the church was Ebenezer Cutler, who was ordained March 6, 1850, and was dismissed July 10, 1855. He removed to Worcester, Mass., to which place he had been invited. Rev. David Dobie was installed over the church October 1, 1856. But his health soon gave out, and he died February 18, 1857, before he had time and opportunity to exhibit those excellent traits of character and talents which he was supposed to possess. The Rev. J. E. Rankin was next called to the pastorate of this church, and preached his first sermon March 8, 1857. He relinquished his charge over the church sometime in the autumn of 1862, and removed to Lowell, Mass., to which place he had been invited by a Congregational church there. Mr. Rankin has since been settled in Charlestown, Mass. As we do not propose to say anything except incidentally, respecting living men, we shall say nothing more in relation to Mr. Cutler and Mr. Rankin, except that they are reputed to be able and learned men.

Before the year 1826, the first Congregational church in St. Albans had no house for public worship of their own, and they used the Court House for that purpose. During that year a brick edifice was erected, sufficiently large and commodious for the congregation. In 1860, this being deemed unsafe on account of some defects in its construction, it was torn down, and a new church edifice was erected on or near the same spot of ground, much larger and commodious than the old one. It was not completely finished till the fall of the year 1862. The new church is said to have cost $22,000, besides the land, the new organ and bell, which have been substituted for the old ones. This is a spacious and well constructed edifice, and is an ornament to the village.—The present pastor of the church, (1866,) is the Rev. Mr. Bittinger, formerly of Maine, with whom the church and society are satisfied.

### An Heiress's Repentance.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

My head ached, my side pained me, my very fingers felt cramped, I had sewed so long and steadily. I laid down the work at last, with a long, deep sigh—so deep, indeed, that my mother, who sat across the room in her invalid's chair, looked up inquiringly.

"I am so tired of it all," I said, with a burst of irrepressible impatience. "I am sick as death of such a life. It is too much trouble to live."

"I know it," my mother replied, sadly, "it does seem so: if I could only get well enough to help you."

I was ashamed of myself that moment, to worry her with my discontent, and she sick.

"Ah well," I said, as cheerfully as I could, "don't fret. I don't mean to; but I'm tired to-night, I've hurried so to finish this dress."

"And there the carriage is now, with Mildred Vesey coming after it now; you have only got it done in time," my mother said, leaning forward to watch the Vesey carriage, as it rolled slowly past our humble dwelling.

"No," she added, "I was mistaken. They have gone by."

"She will call for it as she returns," I said, shaking out the rich silk I had been engaged upon the greater portion of the past week, and almost envying Miss Vesey its possession. As I stood admiring its crimson flow and lustre, my mother lifted herself a little eagerly.

"Put it on, Louise, do; you are so near Mildred Vesey's size. I am sure it will fit you, and I should so like to see you in such a dress."

"Miss Vesey would scarcely fancy *me* trying on her dress," I said, with unconscious bitterness.

"It will be half an hour before she is back, and you can run away into the other room, if we see her coming. Do, Louise, just to amuse me," urged my mother; and partly for her gratification, and partly from a vain desire of my own, to see how I would look in anything so beautiful I exchanged my sombre delaine for the rich silk.

I was what most people would call *handsome*; as I turned from the glass to my mother, she drew a deep inspiration.

"If Miss Vesey could look half so well in that orange dress, she would soon secure that Captain Burns, they say has fluttered about her so long without being able to make up his mind."

"Miss Vesey is called a great beauty, mother," I said, arching my neck, and admiring myself in the glass again.

"But she is not nearly so handsome as you are, Louise, if I do say it. And I'm sure I shan't make you vain telling you of your beauty. I wish that was your dress, and that you had a wardrobe full of such dresses, and that you were going to marry some man more likely to be able to furnish them to you than Max Hurlburt."

I dropped the bunch of glowing berries I was fastening in my hair, and began to undo my borrowed finery. Max Hurlburt was a vexed question between my mother and me, and I loved him, and would not hear a word against him or his prospects if I could help it.

"There now, I have hurt you," my mother said in a remorseful tone. "Don't take the dress off yet. You know well enough I've nothing against Max only his poverty, though somehow I can't feel just right about your having a mechanic. It's the way I was brought up, Louise, and I can't help my prejudices."

"Don't I *sew* for a living? What is the difference?" I said, hotly.

I was quick, and my temper was apt to rise when my mother called Max a mechanic; perhaps because I was myself secretly sensitive on the same subject.

"Oh! hurry, Louise; here's Miss Vesey almost at the door," exclaimed my mother, in sudden dismay.

I seized my own dress, and was hurrying from the room, when my foot caught amid the trailing folds of the silk, and I fell at length upon the floor, just as Miss Vesey, with the license she probably thought her station entitled her to, opened the door without *knocking*, and walked majestically in.

If I had not been so ready to cry with mortification, I should have laughed at Miss Vesey's look of horrow when she saw me.

I struggled up as well as I was able for the entanglement of my borrowed plumage, and placing her a chair, passed my mother the hartshorn, for I saw she was just ready to faint."

"Of course that is not my dress in which you are performing such extraordinary gymnastic exercises," said Miss Vesey, haughtily, "but it resembles it wonderfully. Really, I should like to see *mine* now."

With an inclination of the head fully as haughty as her own, (for Captain Burns had followed her into the house, and my cheeks were tingling under his bold glance of admiration and curiosity,) I left the room, and having resumed my own dress, returned with Miss Vesey's hanging over my arm. Without a word, I presented it for examination.

"How exactly like the dress Miss Streighton had on when we came in," she exclaimed, with an attempt at sarcasm, as she held the dress up to her companion. "Miss Streighton, would you be good enough to let me compare your dress with mine?"

The haughty, supercilious stare with which she regarded me, the offensive tone in which she spoke, I cannot describe.

"Nothing that Miss Streighton possesses could possibly bear a comparison with anything of Miss Vesey's," I said, coldly, though I was throbbing with anger under all my quietness.

It was Miss Vesey's custom to try on her dresses when she came for them, and direct any little alterations she might fancy; but she omitted that ceremony this time, probably because of a whispered communication from Captain Burns. Having had me fold the dress carefully, the Captain took it, and they went away.

"Dear me, how well you managed it, Louise, and what a handsome man Captain Burns is. You've got just such a ready wit and high way with you, as your father had. Captain Burns laughed, I am sure, behind that thick moustache of his, when you answered Miss Vesey so, and if he don't think you're ten times as handsome as she is, there's no telling anything from a man's eyes."

I was looking after the pair from the window, and thinking what a tall, stylish-looking gentleman Captain Burns was, and almost wishing that Max was like him.

"Don't you wish you were Mildred Vesey?" questioned my mother, with a subtile intuition of my thoughts.

"No," I said, angrily. "I would not be she for all her money and her captain in the bargain."

I sat down, however, when they were out of sight, more discontented than ever with my poverty.

"Did she pay you?" asked my mother, presently.

"No."

I had not, in the excitement of her coming and going, thought of the pay for my week's work, though I needed the money badly. There were, I knew, several small bills to be paid to-night or in the morning, and I had depended on the money for this work for that purpose.

I grew impatient again.

"Shall I always be dependent on the pittance of such people as Mildred Vesey?" I said, bitterly. "Oh, if I could only have her riches would I not make a better use of them?"

Somebody knocked.

I went to the door. It was a little boy from the village—Max had sent him—with a letter for me; quite a strange hand upon the envelope—large bold, business like. The letter was not from Max, certainly; but my mother, supposing it was, watched me with an expression of languid annoyance while I read it.

"Mother," I said, as I folded the letter with my hands trembling, "Aunt Shaw is dead, and has left me all her money."

My mother stared away at me a minute, and fainted away in her chair.

I had enough to do to bring her to, to keep myself from doing the same thing; indeed, I sat down as soon as she opened her eyes, and began to cry as loud as I could. I was not crying for aunt Shaw either. I had never seen her to know her, and had certainly never expected anything from her—Louise Shaw Streighton.

"Louise—Louise," cried my dear mother, reaching her arms to me, "come and kiss me."

And we kissed each other and cried together.

We had been so poor together so long, we had pinched and struggled, and been in debt, and stinted to get out of it; we had felt our poverty so keenly, and now it was all over.

In the evening Max came; and just as he had finished reading the letter which brought the great news, who should knock and then walk in, with an air of graceful appearance, but Captain Burns.

If he had been an accustomed and eagerly welcomed visitor he could not have seemed more at home, in spite of the cool reception he met with from both my mother and myself; considering it a great impertinence that he should call in so familiar a manner upon us, whom he had never seen till a few hours before.

Secretly and almost unconsciously I felt a throb of gratified vanity to think that thus early after seeing me he had wandered from Miss Vesey's side; but I treated him with the most distant hauteur of which I was capable.

Max was uneasy; he wanted the Captain away so that he might talk to me; and he answered his well-turned periods and graceful attempts at conversation very bluntly.

I could not help, as I sat there, seeing how different the two were; and as I was struck by the comparison of Captain Burn's polished and fashionable exterior, stylish elegance of his garments, the aristocratic whiteness of his face and hands, with the work-a-day atire and bronzed but open features of Max, I began to feel a little unpleasantly.

"Of course you won't work at your trade any longer now!"

"Why not?" he demanded, his face flushing to the temples. "I'm not ashamed of my trade, if others are."

You see he had fathomed that silly weakness of mine, and only now let me know it.

"I'm not ashamed of your trade, Max," I said, coloring too, "if that is what you mean."

"Yes, you are," he said;" you'd like me a great deal better if I was a fine gentleman like Captain Burns.

And he went away with that, more coldly than we were in the habit of parting, a great deal.

It was quite my fault, though, for I ought to have known that a sensitive young man like Max would feel that my suddenly becoming an heiress in a manner altered our relations, and I ought to have been particular to show him by my treatment of him that I was not changed toward him by my good fortune.

We did not quit that vicinity.

A very handsome house and grounds being for sale in the neighborhood, we purchased and removed thither at an early day.

I was young, eager for society, passionately fond of admiration, and tolerably calculated to shine in the one and attract the other. People who had never heard of the poor sewing-girl, eagerly sought the acquaintance of Miss Streighton of Mount Holly.—My dear mother had her heart's desire in seeing me so feted, admired and caressed, and in the genial warmth of those bright days recovered that health which she had not enjoyed before in a long time.

Early in my entering upon this new life, Captain Burns had come obsequiously, and like an utter stranger, and sought my acquaintance, through the mediation of a mutual friend. I hesitated, but the temptation to triumph over Mildred Vesey—who had humiliated me so often—was great, and I received the elegant captain just kindly enough to encourage him to come again.

My mother liked him already, and he so ingratiated himself with her, that he was always welcome at Mount Holly, whatever *my* mood was.

Miss Vesey came to see me cordial enough outwardly, but I was satisfied that she came against her will and grudged me my prosperity as much as she did the devotion of Captain Burns.

Max came sometimes to Mount Holly, but not nearly as often as he used to come to the little cottage, and never alluded to our engagement. A coldness gradually sprung up between us, and when he came two or three times and found Captain Burns there, he ceased coming altogether.

Before that, however, he had attended a grand party which I had given to my new friends, and I had been what he called *ashamed* of him.

Max saw and felt, but he never reproached me. He just stayed away, and I did not send for him. You may think I did not care for him to treat him so, but I did, and though I was happy after a fashion in being rid of poverty's weariness and perplexities, and in being courted and admired as I was—though it seemed good to be at liberty to *rest* all I liked, and not to have to bother about rent or bread, I was often more tired from the late hours I kept than I had ever been sewing; and as for cares, I was devoured by a very mean jealousy of Mildred Vesey, and a very paltry ambition to deprive her of Captain Burns. I felt guilty, and inwardly ashamed of my treatment of Max. In short, for all the fine outward seeming of Louise Shaw Streighton, I did not think myself that she was half so nice a girl now as before her aunt left her a fortune.

I don't well know how it happened, but Captain Burns was always at Mount Holly, and somehow I became engaged to him, though I had never openly broken with Max.

Not long after that we were dancing at the Holly House—a small party of us—when one of the men servants rushed into the hall, calling that the house was on fire.

The music stopped with a crash, and everybody ran screaming to the windows and doors to get out.

The fire had begun in some strange manner in a part of the house little used, and was under too great headway before it was discovered to be mastered.

I ran with the rest at first, but suddenly remembering that my mother had retired to her chamber that night, and was probably still sleeping, I flew back to seek her before it should be too late. Unfortunately her apartments were directly over those in which the fire had originated, and the flames had already made such progress that it seemed impossible to reach her.

I was frantic at the thought. Already I had covered my misty ball dress with a large woolen shawl, and was bracing myself to thread the avenue of fire, when strong hands snatched me back and bore me out to the lawn.

I struggled, and called my mother's name.

"Be still," said Max, for it was he, brought hither by what providence I knew not. "I will save her, if I give my own life for her's."

He darted away and I cowered in the grass, hiding my face in my hands, till a great shout rose around me.

I scarcely dared then to lift my head. When I did I saw Max, staggering still under the weight of the burden he had brought through fire and smoke—enough to have scorched and stifled the life out of him, one would have thought. My dear mother had fainted on his shoulder, but she was unharmed by the flames.

But Max—his hands, his arms, his face, his poor brave feet—ah me!

We took a house in the village at once; Max had to be carried to it.—We claimed him, and as he had no kin *there*, our claim was not contested.

Weeks and weeks my mother and I were his nurses; we never, both of us, left him at one time. It was a long and terrible illness. He was frightfully burned, and so scarred that we kept him from looking at himself in a glass till he insisted, and we were obliged to bring him one.

He did not know himself, but shrank as though he saw a spectre, and putting the glass away, turned his face to the wall and lay so.

My mother looked at me; she seemed frightened, and her eyes were full of tears.

"Go to him, Louise," she whispered; "this is your time."

I was crying, too, and trembling so I could hardly stand, but I went to him and knelt down beside the bed.

"Oh, Max! Max!" I cried. It was all I could say, and my voice was choked with sobs.

My mother saw how it was, and came to us.

Bending over Max, she touched his poor scarred face with her lips, and some of her tears fell upon it.

"My dear son," said she, "can you forgive Louise all the past, and love her as you used to? She never will be happy until you do."

"A poor, disfigured wretch—a monster!" he groaned.

My mother's gentle hand stopped his lips, and I cried out in my agony, for every word he said seemed a reproach of me.

"Oh, Max, forgive me and love me again, or I shall die."

He opened his eyes then and looked at us.

"You are a strange pair," he said. "You shall do with me as you will, *my mother! my wife!*"

His eyes shone; he was comforted.

He was sitting up the next day, his still bandaged hands upon a pillow before him. He looked down at them with a sad smile.

"The doctor says I shall never be able to work at my trade any more, Louise," he said.

I met his look fearlessly.

"I should'n mind the trade now, Max; you know I would not.

As for Captain Burns, he took my defection with great equanimity, and was married to Miss Vesey before I was to Max.

[From the Toledo Blade.]

### Nasby.

MR. NASBY RENDERS AN ACCOUNT OF HIS STEWARDSHIP—LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE COLLEGE EDIFICE—AN AWKWARD DENOUEMENT.

POST OFFICE CONFEDRIT X ROADS, (wich is in the Stait uv Kentucky), January 2, 1867.

On my return from my trip to North Karlina ther wuz an immejit and irrepressible desire on the part uv the Trustees uv the Insitoot, to hev a statement from me uv the result uv the trip. Much hed been expectid from the venchur, and the expectashuns uv the Trustees wuz riz to a pitch from wich I felt it wuz crooil to hurl em. Therefore I dodged em, until finally, being badgered, I thort I wood end it. Havin prepared the docyments, I named the Post Offis ez the place, and the morning uv the 1st instant, ez the time to make an exhibit of the receets and expenditoors of the trip. Deekin Pogram, Col. McPelter and Elder Slathers, were promptly on hand, and so wuz I, with the statement, wich I red to em ez follows:

Pitroleum V. Nasby, Professor uv Biblikle Politicks, in account with the Southern Classicle and Military Institoot:

| | Dr. |
|---|---|
| To cash of Kernel Absalum Podgers for self | $200 00 |
| To cash of Kernel Absalum Podgers for wife | 100 00 |
| To cash of Square Davis, proceeds uv the sale uv one nigger boy Jim, convicted uv stealin a red herrin, generously donated | 50 00 |
| To cash of Major Gilbreth, boing all he hed left after gettin a pardon from the President, through Mrs. Cobb | 1 00 |
| To cash of John Kessick who encourages the Institoot, intendin to come here to start a grocery, ez soon ez it gits fairly agoin | 10 00 |
| To cash uv divers and sundry persons | 20 00 |
| Grand total | $381 00 |
| | Cr. |
| By railroad fare, the conductors unanimously refoosin to ded head me either in my clericle, official or benevolent character | $30 00 |
| By refreshments | 15 |
| By meal after refreshments | 75 |
| By more refreshments | 15 |
| By bottle uv refreshments to use on cars | 50 |
| By refreshments at station | 15 |
| By refreshments at various places | 60 00 |
| By board at Raleigh | 60 00 |
| By refreshments at Raleigh, wich comes high, being 25 cts. strate | 70 00 |
| By livery hire in that vininity | 90 00 |
| By refreshments for self and driver, incloodin broken axles and sich | 25 00 |
| By meals for self and driver | 3 00 |
| By fare back home, wich cost more owin to my comin a round about way | 50 00 |
| Grand total | $390 70 |

Leaving a balance in my favor of $9 70.

The brethren wuz somewhat disappinted at the result, and Bascomb intimated that he bleeved that it wuz a d—d swindle, but I withered him with a glance. I showed Deekin Pogram that it wuz not only reglar, but it had the stamp uv the Post Offis onto it, wich silenced all cavil. I ashoored em that the little balance needn't trouble em, but I could wait until the treasury wuz in funds.

"But," sed Bascom, "when in thunder will the treasury be in funds, ef